MARVEL COMICS

# DEADPOOL

#43

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PRIEST
CALAFIORE
HOLDREDGE

HEY!! YOU THERE, BUYING THIS BOOK!! CAN YA CALL ME A TAXI?

ANDROMEDA 2MIL LY

CIGNUS X-1 8MIL LY

BABYLON 5 18

J. CALAFIORE '00
PETER PALMIOTTI 2000

Tom

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AND, SO...

HOBOKEN!

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EVERY HOUR I CHECKED MY *AIR GAUGE* TO SEE HOW MUCH BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE I HAD LEFT.

AND EVERY HOUR I REGRETTED HAVING FLUNKED *ANDROMEDAN* IN HIGH SCHOOL.

*ONE:* I WAS STUCK OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF *NOWHERE.*

*TWO:* I *WOULDN'T* DIE.

COULDN'T TELL WHICH *SQUIGGLY LINE* MEANT "TOAST." BUT I WAS REASONABLY SURE OF *TWO THINGS:*

BETWEEN *LOKI'S CURSE* AND MY *HEALING FACTOR,* OUTER SPACE DIDN'T STAND A *CHANCE.*

TRUTHFULLY, BABE, THE WORST PART ABOUT BEING STRANDED ON THAT ROCK--

--WAS THAT I WASN'T ABLE TO PICK MY NOSE. THAT, AND NOT A *TACO BELL* IN *SIGHT.*

IF ANYTHING, I WAS MORE IN DANGER OF BEING *BORED* TO DEATH. WHICH, I SUPPOSE--

--WAS STILL AN *IMPROVEMENT* ON THE WAY THINGS *HAD* BEEN!

NOW, NOW, KIDS... ONE AT A TIME!!

THERE'S *PLENTY* OF *'POOL* TO GO AROUND--!!

HEY... BUG FACE--!

...METHINKS HE MEANETH I...

--STOP SCREWIN' AROUND!!

HEY--HEY--HEY--!!

IF YOU'RE GONNA GRAB MY CHEST--

--AT LEAST BUY ME *DINNER* AND A *MOVIE...*

MY *PEOPLE* SENT YOU HERE TO *RESCUE* ME, RIGHT--?

→UMMPFF--!←

WELL, TECHNICALLY, IT WAS MORE OF A *BARTER* THING-- I *SAVE* YOU, I GET A *COOKIE.*

AND A RIDE *HOME.*

EXACTLY. WELL, THEN--

SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK! **STAN LEE PRESENTS:**

# DEADPOOL

"LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED!!"

# THE MENACED PHANTOM

(OR: DEADPOOL'S *LAST*, WE *SWEAR*, COSMIC ADVENTURE!)

BY **PRIEST & J. CALAFIORE**
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**BOB HARRAS** EDITOR IN CHIEF

...AH, MR. DIRTY WOLFF-- YOUR SHIP *BLEW UP* A FEW MINUTES AGO.

I DOUBT YOU CAN HOLD *UP* YOUR END OF THE *DEAL!*

I CAN *GET* YOU BACK TO YOUR *MUDBALL PLANET*, DUNGPOOL--

--OR, ON THE OTHER HAND, I CAN JUST *KILL YA.*

ISSUE *41. – MIKE

AH, *THREATS!* AND SO *WELL-TIMED!* OKAYYY--

--NOBODY MOVE--

--OR THE WHITE BOY GETS IT!!

?!?

I *MEAN IT!* ONE *STEP* AND HE'S A *DEAD MAN!*

JUST *ONE!*

ANY STEP WILL DO!

EVEN A *BABY* STEP...

...A *SHUFFLE!* A *SLITHER!*

*YOU* THERE-- WITH THE *TWO HEADS*-- YOU LOOK LIKE YOU WANNA TAKE A STEP--!

*CHOMP!*

LATER, WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER...

...YOU'VE *GOTTA* SHOW ME HOW YOU DID THAT...

SURE, DEADPOOL-- BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY BE TOO *DEAD* TO *LEARN ANYTHING!*

IT'S GO TIME, CRUDFACE!!

DIRTY WOLFF HAD A HAIR-TRIGGER TEMPER AND A PEA BRAIN, TRAITS I CAN USUALLY USE TO MY *ADVANTAGE.*

WHAT HE *LACKED* IN PERSONALITY, HE MORE THAN MADE UP FOR IN *SALIVA.*

MEAT!! DEAD MEAT!!

I BRIEFLY WONDERED IF HE CLEARLY *UNDERSTOOD* MY PLAN.

BUT, THEN I *KNEW.*

ZEEOWW! ZEEOWW!

WHAT STARTED OUT AS A THREE HOUR TOUR (A THREE HOUR TOUR), TURNED INTO A MILLION LIGHT-YEARS.

YEEARRGHH!

KHOOOOM!

NEEDLESS TO SAY, I FORGOT TO SET MY *VCR.*

NOW I'LL *NEVER* KNOW HOW TAD AND DIXIE GOT BACK TOGETHER.

OF COURSE, IT WAS ALL *TITANIA'S* FAULT...

HE HADN'T A *CLUE* WHAT I WAS UP TO.

WHICH, I GUESS, SUMMED UP THAT WHOLE WACKY *SPACE ADVENTURE.*

BUT, SEE, THAT'S MY **POINT**, SKEETER.

IT'S JUST LIKE **BUYING** THE CAR, BUT YOU'RE ONLY REALLY **PAYING** FOR THE AMOUNT OF TIME YOU ACTUALLY **USE** IT.

THEN, YOU DECIDE YOU WANT **OUT**, YOU CAN **SELL** IT, **TRADE** IT, OR JUST **WALK AWAY**.

AND THERE ARE **TAX** BENEFITS...

SO, ON MY **TAXES**, I WRITE "USED AS GETAWAY CAR FOR ROBBERY PURPOSES"?

WHERE DO I **PUT** THAT, **FRANK**, ON "SCHEDULE V?"

BESIDES, KEEPING A **MILEAGE LOG** IS TOO MUCH WORK. AND THE **INTEREST** WILL **KILL** YOU--

IT'S NOT THE **INTEREST**, ACTUALLY--

--IT'S THE L.E.V.-- THE **LEASE-END VALUE** THAT GETS YOU. LOTS OF TIMES THE DEALERS **OVERVALUE** THE CAR--

--SO IT HAS NO **TRADE-IN** VALUE AT LEASE END, AND YOU'RE **SCREWED** OUT OF YOUR EQUITY.

LEASING OFTEN **CAN** BE A GOOD WAY TO LOWER YOUR DRIVE-OUT COSTS AND MONTHLY PAYMENTS--

--BUT YOU'VE **GOTTA** NEGOTIATE THE PRICE OF THE **CAR**-- NOT JUST THE **MONTHLY PAYMENT**.

THEN TOTAL THE PAYMENTS AND THE L.E.V. TO GET A PICTURE OF THE **ACTUAL** COSTS.

I STILL SAY, IF YOU **WANT** SOMETHING, GET IT THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY--

--**STEAL** IT, THEN PAY OFF SOME DMV DWEEB FOR AN UNTRACEABLE VIN NUMBER.

DIVISION OF MOTOR VEHICLES, VEHICLE IDENTIFICATION NUMBER --M.JM

WE'RE **HERE**-- WHERE THE **MEXICAN PIRATE** SHIP IS DOCKED--

--READY TO **SMUGGLE** THESE BABIES OVER THE BORDER.

TIME TO GET INTO **CHARACTER**.

I THINK I CAN **SPEED** THINGS **UP** FOR YOU BOYS.

I KNOW YOU'VE GOT **CLIENTS WAITING** FOR THESE PUPPIES.

**CONSTRICTOR** WILL HANDLE THE **PAPERWORK**...

SO.

YOU'RE A PIRATE, HUH?

DON'T *LOOK* MUCH LIKE A PIRATE.

I MEAN, NO *EYE PATCH*, NO *PEG LEG*.

NO *BIRD*.

*NOTHIN'*.

I DON'T GET YOU. NOT SO MUCH AS AN "AYE, MATEY"--

# HEADHUNTER

HEYYYY--!

AND, JUST WHAT THE BLAZES IS *YOUR* PROBLEM--

ABSORBING MAN!

YOU TRYIN' TO *MESS* MY *DEAL* HERE, SCHLICTING?!

I GOT *THREE TRAILERS* OF *HOT PORSCHES*, AND THERE'S ONLY *SO MANY* SUITCASES OF *CASH* TO GO AROUND!

WHAT SAY YOU TAKE YOUR BUSINESS *ELSEWHERE*?!

FAT *CHANCE*, CREEL!

*WE* HAD *OUR* DEAL SET UP *WEEKS* AGO!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT KINDA *LOVERS SPAT* YOU'RE HAVING WITH *TITANIA*, BUT LET'S KEEP IT *OUT* OF THE *BUSINESS*, Huh?

WHAT ARE YOU *BLABBIN'* ABOUT, SCHLICTING?! THIS'S GOT *NOTHIN'* T'DO WITH TITANIA!!

NEWS FLASH, CHROME-DOME-- THIS HEIST WAS YOUR ESTRANGED WIFE'S *IDEA!*

*HEY*-- WHO'RE *YOU* CALLIN' STRANGE--?!

I DON'T *APPRECIATE* YOU CALLIN' MY BABY *NAMES*-- ESPECIALLY NOW-- IN HER *CONDITION!!*

SEE THOR #25, ON SALE NOW -MIKE

WHAT "CONDITION"? "MAJOR CRANK-ITIS"--?

THERE A *CREEL JUNIOR* ON THE WAY OR SOMETHING?!

I *WARNED* YOU, SCHLICTING--

--AND NOW THAT I'VE *ABSORBED* THE PROPERTIES OF YOUR *VIBRANIUM COILS* AND THE *ELECTRICITY* FLOWIN' *THROUGH* 'EM--

--I'LL SHUT YER YAP FOR YA!!

SSZZACKOOM!!

LAME, CREEL. VERY LAME.

OUCH.

YOU ALWAYS WERE A TWO-BIT AFTER-THOUGHT.

OUCH.

DON'T KNOW WHAT TITANIA SEES IN YOU-- OTHER THAN YOUR PEANUT HEAD--

--YEAH, SKEETER-- WHAT IS IT ABOUT THIS LOSER--?

WHO ARE YOU TALKIN' TO, CONSTRICTOR?!

WHO ELSE--?! YOUR WIFE!

TITANIA IS HOME IN BED YOU MORON!

CREEL, WHAT ARE YOU, BLIND--?

SHE'S RIGHT ON TOP OF THAT TRUCK--!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT KINDA GAME YOU'RE PLAYIN', SCHLICTING, BUT NOW IS THE WRONG TIME TO BE TALKIN' ABOUT--

--BUT, THEN, THERE'S NEVER REALLY A GOOD TIME TO TALK ABOUT ONE'S ERRK.

MORON.

OH, AND THANKS FOR THE HELP, TITANIA.

TITANIA--?

--?! WHERE'D SHE GO?

WHOOOM!

--MY-- EERRRKK!

I AGREE--

SCHLICTING!

AND, MORE IMPORTANT--

--WHAT WAS CREEL TALKING ABOUT?

THE FIGHT WENT ON FOR A LONG TIME. MAYBE LONGER THAN MY BRILLIANT PLAN HAD ANTICIPATED.

DIRTY WOLFF WAS A MAN WHO *THOROUGHLY* ENJOYED HIS WORK.

SWIIISH!

BUT, THEN AGAIN, SO WAS I.

OUR LITTLE BRAWL *POLARIZED* THE *YOKELS*. BY THE TIME ANY OF THEM FIGURED OUT *WHICH* SIDE THEY WERE ON--

CHUNK

--WE'D *STRATEGICALLY DIVIDED* THE MOB UP INTO *MORE CONVENIENT*, EASILY ZAP-ABLE *MOBLETS*.

WHICH MEANT IT WAS TIME TO MAKE OUR *MOVE*...

OK... OK, WOLFF... NOW.

YER FRASSIN' *RIGHT*. "NOW"! "NOW" YOU *CROAK!!*

NO-- WOLFF-- I MEAN NOWWWWW.

WHAT THE GALEEP ARE YOU *JABBERIN'* ABOUT?!?

GEEZ.

WHAT *PLANET* IS THIS GUY FROM?!

BENZWEZIL!

IT WAS A RHETORICAL QUESTION...

WOLFF--

NOW!! THOSE GUYS!!

I KNEW WHATCHA *MEANT*, Y■U LITTL■ KROAPT!

ZZEEOOWWW!!

I'M NOT *STUPID*, Y'KNOW!!

ZZEEOOWWW!!

YEAH. I READ IT IN YOUR *PRESS RELEASE*.

IT WAS WRITTEN IN *CRAYON*.

CCCCLLLAAAANNNGGG

WHAT SAY WE GET THE CRACK *OUT* OF HERE?!

*WHY?*

I'M *ENJOYIN'* MYSELF!

ONE OF THE PRISONERS TIPPED ME OFF TO A *SHORT-CUT* TO THE *DOCKING BAY*...

...IN BETWEEN GURGLES OF BLOOD AND SPIT.

PROBLEM IS, ALL THE DOORS OUTTA HERE ARE *BOLTED*.

NO SWEAT. I GOT A *KEY*.

FWAAAM!

...GREAT KEY, FANG...

FOLLOW ME.

AH... OKAY...

...WE'RE NOT GONNA...

...I MEAN, THERE'S NO GROUP BATHING IN THIS PLAN OF YOURS, IS THERE--?

MEANWHILE, THE WARDEN, LUCIFER RASPUTIN, WAS HUNTING US DOWN LIKE O.J. SEARCHING FOR THE "REAL KILLERS".

I WANT ALL OF THESE INMATES CONTAINED--

WARDEN, DIRTY WOLFF HAS BREACHED THE CONTROL AREA! WE NEED A SUPPORT UNIT TO SWEEP THE--

YOU'RE TOUCHING ME.

LAYING YOUR HANDS ON A SUPER[redacted] IS A DIRECT VIOLATION OF POLICY D12.4, ARTICLE C.

WHA--? WAIT--!

AGGH--!

I KNOW HOW TO FLUSH THE WOLFF OUT...

...ACTIVATE THE COMM SYSTEM.

ATTENTION ALL PRISON PERSONNEL--THIS FACILITY WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN 5 MARKS.

[redacted] FOR EVACUATION IN A SAFE AND ORDERLY MANNER.

AS FOR YOU INMATES, WELL, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.

ON BEHALF OF THE STAFF OF DAMNATION CITY, IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE TO DETAIN YOU.

HAVE A NICE DAY.

YOU HEAR THAT?

IT'S A BLUFF.

THIS WARDEN GIG IS THE ONLY THING RASPUTIN'S GOT LEFT. BLOWIN' THIS ROCK IS THE LAST THING HE'D DO.

TRUST ME.

TRUST YOU.

YEAH.

YOU--TEE-SHIRT GUY--WHO GOT US INTO THIS MESS?!

THAT'S THE ONE.

OKAY. JUST CHECKING. LET'S RAY-SUME. NOW THAT WE'VE ARRIVED AT--

--THE DOCKING BAY!

HOT DIGGITY--LOOKS LIKE ESCAPE [redacted] TIME AGAIN! AND THIS TIME, I'M NOT FAT AND LOOPY!

?!

LONG STORY...

LET'S JUST GRAB ONE OF THESE SHIPS AND--

SEE ISSUE #41 - PAGE NINE

--ERR?

OH... WOLFBRAIN--?! OUR RIDE'S OVER HERE!

GEEZ, DEADBANG-- HOW STOOPID ARE YOU?

YOU MEAN, LIKE, ON A SCALE OF ONE TO TEN--?

THIS!

THAT?!

THAT! MY BIKE!!

THE TRANSPORT IS RIGGED.

THE MINUTE THE ONBOARD SENSORS DETECT ME--

PROBABLY MORE LIKE SSZLAACKKK

...WELL, TECHNICALLY, THERE IS NO SOUND IN SPACE... BUT I DIGRESS...

SO WHAT'S OUR MOVE--?

WHOA...WHOA, SHERLOCK, LET'S RE-CAP:

YOU [redacted] A JAIL-[redacted] THE WARDEN'S THREATENED TO BLOW UP THE ENTIRE JOINT JUST TO GET YOU.

SLIGHT POSSIBILITY. YES.

DON'T YOU THINK, JUST MAYBE, HE'S BOOBY-TRAPPED YOUR BIG WHEEL HERE?

WHICH IS WHY YOU'RE GONNA START IT UP!

HEYY--!!

Y'KNOW... IN A MINUTE... I'M GONNA GET TESTY!

AS I FIGURED-- YOUR LIGHTER WEIGHT DIDN'T TRIGGER THE SENSORS!

AND IF YOU'D BEEN WRONG--?

WOULDA LOST MY FRIPPIN' BIKE.

AH.

HEY--!! WHAT THE GALEEP ARE YOU DOING?!?

SAVING OUR LIVES--?

KERRAKK!!

I'M USING YOUR MIRROR TO SCREW UP THE TARGETING ARRAY I'VE SPOTTED OVERHEAD--

VAROOM!

--SO, WHEN I START YOUR TRICYCLE UP--

--THE LASER BATTERIES WON'T HIT ME!

ROCK AND ROLL!

VAROOM!

AND THAT, WOLFF, IS HOW WE DO THAT.

ANY QUESTIONS?

WOLFF?

WOLFF.

GUESS I "ACCIDENTALLY" LEFT HIM. WHOOPS.

VAROOM!

WE HAVE TO TALK.

NO, WE DON'T.

I'VE GOT 8,000 BRUISES THAT SAY *OTHERWISE*, TITANIA!

WHAT THE BLAZES IS GOING *ON?!* WHY DOES CREEL THINK YOU'RE AT *HIS* PLACE-- AND THAT YOU'RE *SICK--?!*

IT'S *PRIVATE*, FRANK, ALL RIGHT?

HUSBAND AND *WIFE* STUFF. LET IT *GO*.

LET IT GO.

THAT'S RIGHT.

HE *BIT* ME.

YOUR HUSBAND *BIT ME*, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

*YOU* "LET IT GO". SKEETER-- I WANT SOME *ANSWERS!!*

*FORGET* CREEL, FRANK--

--*DEADPOOL* WILL BE [redacted] SOON. THE *PLAN* IS TO *KILL* HIM, RIGHT?

...RIGHT...

THEN WHY ARE YOU GOING ON ABOUT *CREEL?!* KEEP YOUR *MIND* ON THE *IMPORTANT* STUFF. CONCENTRATE ON *DEADPOOL*.

LEAVE MY *HUSBAND* TO *ME*.

I THOUGHT BRIEFLY ABOUT GOING BACK FOR DIRTY WOLFF.

I THOUGHT BRIEFLY ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO BREATHE IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE.

I THOUGHT BRIEFLY ABOUT MY BRIEFS...

WOLFF!!

THAT'S WHEN THE WARDEN, IN FULL VENDETTA MODE, SNAGGED ME.

I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW PLEASED I AM! HOW I'D LONGED FOR YOU TO ATTEMPT ESCAPE!

YOU ALONE, OF ALL MY PRISONERS, TRULY CHALLENGE MY-- EH--?

CHALLENGING HIS "EH." THAT WAS NEW.

I SUPPOSE IT FINALLY OCCURRED TO GOAT-BOY THAT I COULD HEAR HIM, BUT I COULDN'T SPEAK.

HMMM ... LIKE THAT TIME WITH THE HUMBUG I REMEMBER SO WELL ...

--?!? WHO-- WHO ARE YOU?!

SEE (BUT DON'T HERR!) LAST ISSUE – QUIET MIKE

MORE TO THE POINT: WHO I WASN'T.

A DOZEN GAG LINES, MOST INVOLVING THE WORD "BISCUIT," CAME TO MIND, BUT I COULDN'T SPEAK.

LOST WOLFE'S BIKE, WHICH I FIGURED WAS BOOBY-TRAPPED, ANYWAY...

...I WAS WRONG...

PERHAPS YOU ARE WOLFF UNDER THIS RIDICULOUS MASK!!

REGARDLESS OF [redacted] YOU ARE, I ASSURE YOU, YOU SHALL--

SURE. WOLFF MINUS 500 POUNDS...

--?!

--SAY--

--AREN'T YOU THOM CRUZ--?

RASPUTIN HESITATED FOR A SECOND.

THE ANSWER TO HIS FIRST QUESTION WAS SHADDAP.

WHAT-- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE--?!

MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME TO JAM UP HIS THRUSTER CONTROL!

MY T[redacted]USTERS-- YOU'VE JAMMED THEM--!!

AND THE GOAT-BOY WINS A COOKIE.

I WAS MUCH MORE INTERESTED IN HIS SCUBA GEAR.

I FIGURED THE MICROWEAVE CONTAINMENT SUIT LOKI MADE ME WEAR WAS KEEPING ME FROM FREEZING TO DEATH--

--BUT THERE SURE WASN'T ANY O2 IN THOSE LONG JOHNS.

RASPY ROCKETED BACK TOWARDS THE PENAL ASTEROID, WHICH I FIGURED WOULDN'T REALLY BLOW UP.

WOLFF WAS RIGHT-- THE WARDEN WAS ONLY BLUFFING...

KAPPROOOOOOOOOM

...WOW...

...THERE ACTUALLY *WAS* SOUND IN SPACE.

OF COURSE... COULD HAVE BEEN THE *GLASS* IN MY *HELMET* VIBRATING FROM THE SOUND WAVE, BUT ME NO MR. SCIENCE...

AND, *THAT*, MY LOVE, WAS HOW WE DID *THAT*.

AND BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS BACK AT THE DEADLOUNGE...

SKEETER--

SHUT UP.

--I WAS GONNA ASK ABOUT DEADPOOL. HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM-- MAYBE WE GOT LUCKY--

--AND HE'S FLOATING DEAD SOMEWHERE IN DEEP SPACE...

SLAMM!

LOOK, KIDS-- COMICS!!

DADDY'S HOME-- AND HE'S BROUGHT CHINESE FOOD!

OR, ON THE OTHER HAND...

... SHOULD WE KILL HIM?

NOT YET. HE'S GOT CHINESE.

BRING THE POISON TEST KIT. AND SOME CHOPSTICKS.

I WANT MY MONEY, WADE. AND AN EGG ROLL.

HAPPY TO SEE YOU TOO, SKEETER.

--AND I LOOK FORWARD TO OUR INEVITABLE BIG FIGHT SCENE WITH GREAT ANTICIPATION!

CAN'T WAIT TO START LOOKING FOR ALL THE BOOBY-TRAPS I KNOW YOU AND FRANK HAVE SET FOR ME--

NOTHING QUITE LIKE WRESTLING A 500-POUND REDHEAD TO PUT THAT SPECIAL SMILE ON YOUR FACE...

HOW, WILSON--

--HOW DID YOU MAKE IT BACK FROM DEEP SPACE?

WELL, FRANK, I'D TELL YOU, BUT THEN I'D HAVE TO KILL YOU.

WHICH, ACTUALLY, WOULD MAKE TELLING YOU ALMOST WORTHWHILE, SO HERE GOES--

POISON

POISON!

"--THERE I WAS, MAROONED IN SPACE, RUNNING LOW ON OXYGEN, MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS--

"--WHEN, SUDDENLY, THERE WAS THIS BRILLIANT LIGHT--"

YOU LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO COULD USE A LIFT.

I'M CORSAIR.

MY FRIENDS AND I WOULD BE HAPPY TO DROP YOU OFF-- AFTER WE COMPLETE OUR CURRENT MISSION, WHICH IS--

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE--

--I'M REALLY NOT A COSMIC ADVENTURE-TYPE GUY. NO OFFENSE, BUT I REALLY DON'T BELONG OUT HERE.

AND I REALLY DON'T WANT TO GET CAUGHT UP IN WHATEVER YOU FOLKS ARE UP TO.

THANKS BUT NO THANKS-- I'LL CATCH THE NEXT ONE.

THAT MAKES NO SENSE-- YOU PASSED ON A RIDE?!

SO, HOW'D YOU GET HERE--?!

TURNS OUT THOSE STARJAMMERS RADIOED A PASSING FREIGHTER--

Hello--?

--WHO WERE NICE ENOUGH TO LET ME HITCH A RIDE HOME...

Huh- Leeowww--?

...AFTER I SHOVED A FEW HEADS THROUGH PLATE GLASS...

...AND THAT WAS JUST ON ONE GUY...

...SPEAKING OF MULTIPLE HEADS... WHO MIGHT YOU BE--?

I AM YOUR NEW CLIENT... ONE WITH A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT TAILOR MADE FOR YOU--

--AND YOUR LITTLE DOG, TOO!

NEXT:

# DEADPOOL, BLACK PANTHER, AND ACHEBE MAKES THREE!

# DEADLINES

MIKE RAICHT ASSISTANT EDITOR

MIKE MARTS EDITOR

BOB HARRAS CHIEF

**Hey, 'Poot people, sorry we missed you last issue but the story we were telling was just too big. So . . . we'll just shut up and get on to your letters about issues #39 and #40.**

Dear Poolsters,

If issue #39 is any indication, Christopher Priest has made this title his own. I really like the idea of Wade rooming with Constrictor and Titania. (Who is NOT Thundra — right, Skeeter?) Even though it's only been one issue together, Priest really made the most of the humor involved with the trio, Odd Couple style. (Can three super-villains share an apartment together without driving each other crazy?) All the jokes in this were on target — I was quite amused by the Gracie Ju Jitsu comment.) (I'd like to see Wade enter an Ultimate Fighting Tournament!) Geez, I even like Wade's new costume — very good!

Lastly, I'd like to say I'm glad Paco Diaz is now the regular artist — this book needed a good visual style, and thanks to him, it has one.)

I even get to see Taskmaster, one of my favorite villains, to top everything off. You guys are going to spoil me if you keep this up.

Michael McCullough
Selbyville, DE

**Nice Felix and Oscar reference, Michael. As for those Gracies — tough clan they are — would not want to mess with them. 'Specially that Enzo guy — boy, he'd put a hurtin' on ya.**

Dear Deadlines,

I'm a longtime reader and first time writer here, but I've got a few remarks to make to the rest of the people who are complaining in Deadlines. I love Joe Kelly too, but get over it and go with the Priest already. As much as I will miss Joe, Priest shows amazing talent and a good future for Wilson. I just finished reading issue #39 and loved it!! The Russian Tea Room thing was hilarious!! (By the way, the rabbit would win it hands down.) I then turned to the Deadlines page and saw people complaining! (Which I guess I am too, but hey we ain't all perfect.) Now I have some questions. Who is that Frank guy (the orange and blue guy with the coils) and what's his super name? If he was in a past issue, what number was it? When is Wade going to get his ugly mug back from Loki? Please tell me soon because I liked him more when he was ugly. Well, that's all for now.

Until Blind Al can see again, Make Mine DEADPOOL!

Casey Aron
Los Angeles, CA

**That Frank guy is Constrictor and of course the rabbit won. Sheesh!**

Dear Deadlines,

Nope, I didn't pick up issue #40. The cover was nice, but I just didn't feel as if I HAD to pick up the title like I used to. So I didn't. I just wanted to let you know why: It's not the Deadpool I met when I picked up the very first issue. The Deadpool I liked was a merc with a mouth who also happened to be a hero deep down inside. It was his quest to become a true hero. He would never be Spider-Man or Daredevil, but I did expect him to be some sort of crime fighter - a very selective Merc who chooses missions with positive goals. Now there's no direction, no supporting cast and no character development. Sorry, but that's not my cup of tea. I will keep an eye on Deadpool and see what's going on. Maybe I will return one day. Until then, good luck.

Michael Bregman
Gan-Yavne, ISRAEL

**Sorry you feel the way you do, Mike. We do, however, understand your position and we hope you keep an eye on ol' DEADPOOL in the future. Who knows? You may just like the way things turn. Actually, we're confident that you will.**

Dear Deadlines,

Lately, I can't get enough of DEADPOOL! How about a couple of one-shots or specials? Anyway, really enjoyed DEADPOOL #40. It was a blast! You know, I was so worried when Joe Kelly left, I thought Wade's witty humor was gone forever. Actually, Wade's humor has never been better. I laughed out loud when Wade fired the death ray at Frank and Titania in the "Deadlounge" and said, "Just funnin' ya, kids." Those four panels were worth the cover price alone. This whole adventure trying to salvage Zemo's death ray platform has been very enjoyable and I've also liked all the cast involved.

Before I close, I would like to say that you guys have one of the best books on the shelves today. Very creative.

Robert Acquarulo
New Haven, CT

**Deadpool himself blushed after that last comment. Thanks a bunch, Robert. You're also another person that seems to be enjoying the whole rapport between 'Pool and his roomies. It's a love/hate kind of thing. (That's "love to hate you" for you 'Pool-deficient people.)**

Deadlines,

There's only one word for this book, and that word is hilarious. From the cover to the letters page, Deadpool consistently delivers the goods and provides an interesting change of pace from the mainstream Marvel Heroes books. Space treks, double-crosses, fat jokes, and beautiful art by Paco Diaz make Deadpool a consistently good read. The thing that truly made this book ring true was the back-stabbing tendencies of the super-villains present. Put more than one self-respecting villain together and watch the personalities clash as they have in issue #40. All put forth by the pen of Christopher Priest who blends super-heroics and humor to dazzling effects. Sad to hear he's leaving the title, but I'll enjoy his run while it lasts.

Brandon Thomas
(Address Withheld By Request)

**"To the letters page"? Yeah, that's right! TO THE LETTERS PAGE! Take that, all you other lame-o letters pages — in your face!**

NEXT ISSUE:
IT'S PART ONE OF "CAT TRAP" AS DEADPOOL CROSSES OVER WITH BLACK PANTHER. THAT'S RIGHT, THE CROSSOVER YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR! DEADPOOL IS HIRED TO STEAL PREYY, THE PET LEOPARD OF THE CURRENT PANTHER. (NEEDLESS TO SAY, HUMOR IS IN ABUNDANCE.) BROUGHT TO YOU AS ONLY PRIEST, CALAFIORE, AND HOLDREDGE, CAN BRING IT.

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Perenially purveying a plenitude of purty, prettified pictures to my peerless pals!
HUMBLE CONTRIBUTOR TO #THECOMICRACK
Queries? Requests? Contact me at BeastCharming@yahoo.com
Pledged to scan all series great and small...